

Giant Thom Yorke X Jonny Greenwood: Fucked In The Radiohead

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Giant Thom Yorke X Jonny Greenwood: Fucked In The Radiohead

by [xandermartin98](#)

Summary

Basically GTS Lammy X Parappa but it's Radiohead

Enjoy, Radiohead fans

GIANT THOM X JONNY PART 1

Once upon a night in the Radiohead concert auditorium, Jonny Greenwood was busy smarmily tiptoeing his way up onto the stage, where Thom Yorke's and Colin Greenwood's deeply unconscious, surprisingly fully clothed bodies were both sprawled out on the floor together, ripe for the raping...err, I mean, tender affection and mutual loving. (Oh, who in the hell am I kidding? If you've ever read the Undertale Giantess series, then you basically already know EXACTLY what's about to start happening, don't you? Come on, don't lie; you know it to be true.)

"Okay, so first things first, let's just make sure that Thom and my dear brother ain't gonna be waking up anytime soon..." Jonny whispered nervously to himself, glancing back and forth fearfully as he sneakily pulled out the tranquilizer gun from his trousers and shot both lovable Brits sound asleep with it, removing the darts and disposing of them in a nearby trash can before finally returning back to the stage so that he could...AHEM...do his business with their bodies, so to speak.

"Alright, pally ol' pals; it's about TIME I showed you two(ob) my true colors, if I do say so myself!" Jonny cackled evilly, rubbing his hands together like a fly as he silently, ominously crept his way toward his own dearly beloved best friends, with his hands clenched and facing directly toward them in a profoundly rapist-esque fashion as he maliciously wiggled his fingers and began grinning from sideburn to sideburn yet again.

"GAH! They're so bloody handsome that I can almost feel my adorable little pretty-boy EYELASHES burning right off from the mere SIGHT of them!" Jonny panted and drooled and moaned with delight, blushing and sweating intensely and acquiring a massive protrusion in the Johnson area of his trousers as he gently pulled off Yorke's and Colin's jet-black shirts, jet-black sneakers, jet-black trousers, candy-cane-striped socks and splendiferously polka-dotted underpantaloons, rendering both of them completely naked with no clothes on.

"Hmm...which one should I do the honors for? Gee, the choice sure is SO incredibly difficult to decide for me!" Jonny laughed sarcastically as he gently rolled Yorke's and Colin's fabulous naked bodies back and forth on the floor to make extra-sure that they weren't going to wake up...while Ed O'Brien and Philip Selway intently stood just outside the auditorium's front door with a pair of binoculars, peeking in at the astonishingly gay old time that Jonny was quite evidently already eagerly preparing himself to have with his fellow bandmates and already becoming painstakingly aroused just from the mere thought of it.

"Wow, do you actually think this fucking bloke is seriously willing to stoop himself THIS goddamned low? I mean seriously, this shit right here is just outright PATHETIC!" Philip laughed uproariously while Ed pulled out one of his ever-so-lovingly patented invisible ghost drones (whose camera just so happened to be linked to the auditorium's massive digital display screen, mind you) from his ever-so-astonishingly-trusty pair of trousers, shrunk it to microscopic size with a mere snap of his fingers, commanded it to follow Jonny with a mere clap of his hands, then finally deployed it into the room with a remarkably sinister and conniving grin on his face to say the least.

"Philip, man, I'm as high as the fucking animators of the Paranoid Android music video right now, and even I already know EXACTLY what this fucking homosexual, incest-supporting little TOSSER is planning to do right about now!" Ed hissed frustratedly at Philip while Jonny pulled out the shrink pistol from his trousers, laid Yorke face-down on the ground and shrunk himself to ant size, completely forgetting how exceedingly little time his gay orgy schedule had provided him to get this so-called "business" of his over with.

"OHH, COME STRAIGHT TO PAPA, YOU DELICIOUS LITTLE TOOTSIE ROLLS!" Jonny laughed rather CONSIDERABLY overexcitedly as he hyperactively, jollily, gaily hopped and skipped his way over onto the left one of Yorke's dry, crusty, flaky and dirty bare soles and began gleefully cleaning them from top to bottom...with his tongue, need I mention.

"OHH, WHY HAS JESUS HONKING CHRIST ABANDONED US, THOM'S FEET SMELL SO ORGASMICALLY WONDERFUL AND GLORIOUS!" Jonny moaned loudly with arousal as he pressed his nose deeply into Yorke's rather unpleasantly rough, nauseatingly pungent arch (his feet in general stank like rotten eggs on a hot summer day with a rather generously-portioned side of Limburger cheese, just for your information) and inhaled so deeply that it caused his poor little brain to shrivel up like a crumpled-up English muffin as his nose violently sprayed blood all over the place, which he then proceeded to lovingly smear all over Thom Yorke's arch before finally licking it right off of said arch.

"Um...excuse me, what in the actual sodding SHIT does that little tosser think he's doing right now? And more importantly, WHO in the hell does the plucky little bastard think he IS?!" Philip growled angrily, gritting his teeth as a stunningly high-quality live close-up feed of Jonny's disgustingly gay and self-indulgent foot-worship antics suddenly appeared on the background display screen.

"Oh believe me, man; what you're seeing right now is undoubtedly just the mere TIP of the Radiohead yaoi iceberg...if you don't want to see the Titanic sink while we're at it, dude, I would

VERY strongly advise packing your bags and hauling your sorry ass out of here right now." Ed warned him, diligently flicking his tongue into the poor drummer's cock(LEA) as a not-so-subtle hint of where Jonny's considerably-more-than-ambiguously homosexual antics were very clearly soon to be...please excuse the incredibly, cringe-inducingly obvious pun...HEADED.

"AHHH...TASTES LIKE MOLDY YELLOW COTTAGE CHEESE ON THE BACK OF MY DEAD PA'S WILLY...SO UTTERLY DELICIOUS..." Jonny moaned and blushed intensely with delight as he eagerly licked and felt all over the entirety of Thom Yorke's "beauteous" sole from toes to heel and everything in between.

"I HAVE CRIPPLING DEPRESSION! WHEEEEEEE!" Jonny sang with excitement and giggled like a little kid as he climbed up onto the very tippy-top-bottom of Yorke's heel and slid all the way down his pungently putrid, wetly soaked and lustrously glistening sole from top to bottom, once again using his own saliva as lubricant while Philip and Ed merely stood behind the auditorium's entrance door and gawked in utter confusion, with their penises firmly erect in wonderment.

"And now for the tantalizingly delicious coup-de-grace!" Jonny laughed maniacally as he systematically crawled and squeezed his way into each of the cozy, warm and smelly little gaps in between Yorke's gloriously outspread (Gucci little) piggies and stuffed his face with all of the scrumptiously slimy, sweaty, reeking, lint-dripping toe jam that he could stomach (in other words, every last sodding drop of it).

"Geez, I never thought that this fucking depraved faggot could actually make me feel THIS atrociously sick to my goddamned stomach!" Philip gagged, covering his mouth and clutching his rumbling chest.

"Man, you can definitely say that again!" Ed covered his own mouth and nearly retched, palming his pricelessly shocked and disbelieving face and smoothing out his incredibly emo hair in disgust while Jonny began worshipping Yorke's other sole in the exact same fashion.

ABOUT TWO MINUTES LATER, AFTER JONNY HAD GROWN HIMSELF BACK TO NORMAL...

"OHH, my sweet, precious little Thommikin, how I absolutely ADORE you..." Jonny threw his head back and moaned orgasmically, hugging Yorke's adorably scrawny and malnourished body from the back as his incredibly erect penis filled Yorke's shitty putrid asshole with its love while he just drooled arousedly, blushed intensely and smiled awkwardly with shameful embarrassment at what he had just done to the leader of his own band.

"Eh, I'm totally used to having those types of relationships with MY fellow band members!" Philip chuckled embarrassedly, causing Ed to awkwardly cock an eyelid at him in profound confusion and (no) surprise while Jonny gently laid Yorke's body face-up on the floor, shrunk himself back down to ant size again and began clambering his way up onto his remarkably filthy and poorly trimmed toenails.

"Just look at the adorably ugly little rat, lying here ASLEEP! The astonishingly pretentious idol of MILLIONS..." Jonny whispered to himself, drooling rabidly at the mouth as he climbed his way up the tops of Yorke's feet and then proceeded to frantically scamper his way up Yorke's weirdly sexily long and slender legs like the dirty little rat that he himself was very clearly being at the moment.

"He's a WUSS! Pompous, condescending little wuss..." Jonny began dementedly monologuing to himself as he scooped the hairy, slimy, unwashed lint out of Yorke's bellybutton with a great big mechanical tentacle-spoon that had apparently somehow managed to fit into just one of his pants

pockets (along with god-knows-how-much other stuff) and ate it, licking his lips and rubbing his belly with satisfaction.

"How easily I could pleasure my Johnson...with THESE hands...THESE...NASTY...HANDS!" Jonny laughed disgustedly to himself as he carefully poised himself atop the very edgemost portion of Yorke's pelvis and used that exact same tentacle-spoon to fish out all of the oozing, dripping, tantalizingly creamy and gooey excess ejaculatory fluid from the dank, cavernous depths of his shitty unwashed rectum, licking his lips and slurping it down with pure joy.

"They think he's a god...BUT HE'S AS MORTAL AS WE..." Jonny began traditionally monologuing in the creepiest and most melodramatic fashion possible as he climbed his way back down onto the tops of Yorke's feet and began lovingly nibbling his disgusting little toenails until they were finally "trimmed" back down to their proper lengths.

"JUST...ONE...QUICK...SLIP...into his precious little ear canal while he isn't looking...and it's over...JUST...ONE..." Jonny began laughing and crying hysterically as he frantically, desperately scrambled his way straight up Yorke's legs until he finally reached his lovely, throbbing, firmly erect little penis.

"I can almost feel myself mentally deteriorating from the inside out, and it is a feeling that is simply nothing short of MARVELOUS!" Jonny moaned with delight as he scurried and clambered his way back over into Yorke's pelvic region, used his shrink pistol's reverse function to ever-so-slightly grow himself to optimal size and began passionately, lovingly and adorably meekly sucking Yorke's increasingly erect cock with his astonishingly seductive little fuckboy lips until Yorke's ever-so warm and succulent man milk finally came squirting right out of it and into his ravenous, eagerly awaiting mouth!

"AHHH...the refreshing taste of victory be SALTY-sweet today!" Jonny moaned with pleasure, licking his semen-dripping lips with delight as he dutifully shrunk himself back to his previous size and continued making his way up to Yorke's (radio)head.

"You know, as much as this goddamned queer clearly has absolutely NO freaking sense of time whatsoever, I gotta say...I have the weirdest of boners right now..." Philip whispered nervously into Ed's ear, blushing and covering up his crotch embarrassedly with his hands while Ed briefly removed one of his sandals and slyly, teasingly wiggled his sexy Great British toes at him while Jonny began climbing his way up onto Yorke's especially weird and ugly-looking face.

"Alright, almost there...just gotta get past his mouth, nose and eyes and then the ears will be next..." Jonny cackled and grinned maliciously, rubbing his hands together like the dirty, scheming Republican scum that he was as he slyly tiptoed right over Yorke's dull and chapped lips and pulled out his tentacle-spoon yet again as he reached Yorke's incredibly thin little nose and immediately began staring intently into it!

"OH YEAH, I'VE HIT A GOLD MINE ALL RIGHT..." Jonny moaned and drooled derangedly as he just stood there at the entrance to Yorke's nose and stuck his spoon deep into Yorke's nostrils, fishing out several of Yorke's dirty, slimy and nastily discolored nose nuggets, lovingly eating them and loudly slurping the gooey liquid snot residue right out of the spoon itself as he continued digging his way in even deeper...when suddenly, for reasons that it took him all of about literally five seconds to figure out, he was electrocuted into a cartoonish living crisp, presumably as karma for being such an utterly despicable and repugnant fucking freakshow.

"Wow, that tranquilizer REALLY worked wonders on the po'boy, didn't it?" Jonny shrugged and sighed with an ever-so-slight tinge of regret, realizing that even literally poking Yorke right in what was presumably the frontal lobe of his brain with a blunt metal object somehow STILL hadn't been

enough to wake the poor bastard up as he violently shook the ashes and soot right off of himself just like how any normal cartoon character would, prompting Yorke to then immediately, involuntarily inhale it right into his poor, unsuspecting little nose while Jonny eagerly shoved his tentacle-spoon right back into his trousers and readied himself to jump right into Yorke's left nostril right as Yorke was just about ready to blow (and by blow, I mean sneeze, of course)!

"AAH...AAAAH...AAAAAAH..." Yorke began cringing and shaking in his sleep; right after the third AAH, Jonny valiantly shouted GERONIMO and performed an ever-so-remarkably glorious cannonball dive right into Yorke's poor blasted nose!

"AAAAH-CHOOOOOOO!" Yorke sneezed violently in his sleep, effectively blowing Jonny (who was now covered from head to toe with gooey, sticky, disgustingly dripping mucus) right out of his nose and onto his chest as he promptly began cleaning himself...with his tongue.

"Now THIS is what I call raining down on me from a great height!" Jonny laughed and cheered happily as he fervently picked and licked what to him must've been at least half a solid gallon's worth of snot off of his surprisingly (and rather unfortunately) still fully-clothed body, scooped it right up into his dirty, nasty and grimy little hands, and unhesitatingly engorged himself on it like a fat kid engorges himself on chocolate, licking the snot off of his lips and patting his belly in just such a way that it caused the raw semi-liquid essence of Thom Yorke's putrid, slimy and oh-so-wonderfully-viscous mucus to smear all over his signature shirt in such an incredibly distasteful and just-plain-sickeningly-gross fashion that even Filthy Frank himself would quite frankly be almost-unspeakably disgusted by it. And believe me, things are only going to get progressively even nastier from here...

GIANT THOM X JONNY PART 2

"Alright, who am I kidding? Looks like it's about time for the real fun to finally begin, judging by the fact that poor old Ed and Philips have evidently already been waiting at least something like TEN FREAKING MINUTES for me by now!" Jonny sighed nervously as a result of suddenly noticing himself being broadcast onto the auditorium's ginormous digital display screen, blushing embarrassedly and ever-so-slightly dying inside as he hopped right back up onto Yorke's disturbingly lopsided and rather evidently sleep-deprived little face, tickled his incredibly long eyelashes to once AGAIN make sure that he wouldn't wake up, and then finally made his way over to Yorke's obscenely dirty and oily brown hair, which of course was like a forest to him.

"Hmm...well, I must say, this looks like yet another job for personal utilities! LEAVE IT TO...SUCTION CUPPPPS!" Jonny chuckled excitedly to himself as he pulled out a pair of suction-cup attachments for his sneakers and attached them right on, blissfully unaware that the tranquilizer that he had shot both Yorke and Colin with just a few measly little minutes ago was literally RIGHT about to wear off on him.

"Wow, Yorke's hair really IS incredibly mesmerizing...and also incredibly freaking FILTHY! Seriously, when in the actual hell was the last time he actually fucking SHOWERED, for shit's ever-loving sake?!" Jonny winced and regretfully shook his head in disgust (despite the fact that he had just recently purposefully coated himself from top-to-bottom in someone else's nose-mucus and then gluttonously gobbled it right off of himself, while gratuitously smearing it all over his clothes all the while) as he reluctantly, stickily trudged his way through Yorke's shockingly flaky, oily and dandruff-ridden jungle of hair until he finally reached his left ear, taking a nice, long and deep breath and gulping nervously as he eagerly, anxiously readied himself to do the unthinkable...and also the inevitable, now that I THINK about it! (Readers, I have a very important and urgent request for you right about now; please, PLEASE kill me before this gets any more fucking creepy and disturbing...)

"Well, HEAR goes nothing..." Jonny shrugged and sighed, trying not to think too hard about the painfully obvious implications of what he was currently doing at the moment as he loudly, resoundingly swallowed what very little pride he already had left, shivering in both fear and immense self-disgust as he reluctantly walked onto the already wrinkly and mole-riddled external flap of the adorably unaware Yorke's left ear and briefly admired her cute little earrings before finally crawling straight inside.

"Alright, toddler steps, coddler steps, dawdler st- WAAAUGGGH!" Jonny screamed in terror as he (yes, even with the power of suction cups at his disposal) accidentally, violently slipped on one of numerous great big patches of dirty, sticky, hairy earwax dotting the internal surface of Thom Yorke's ear canal, sending him tumbling all the way down said ear canal (getting almost completely covered from head to toe in his hairy, sticky earwax along the way, naturally) and finally crashing right into his incredibly sensitive (and also disgustingly slimy and earwax-covered) eardrum!

"Hmm?" Yorke suddenly grunted in his rapidly-weakening sleep, turning straight over onto his right side and causing Jonny to fall right onto his eardrum, causing Yorke's sleep to weaken even further while Jonny, being the sick and nasty little fuck that he apparently was, reached into his trousers and pulled out a nice big jar of weapons-grade laxatives for his violently, painfully rumbling and gurgling stomach!

"Well, I never thought I'd end up saying this in quite THIS sort of utterly fucking revolting nightmare of a context, but...WHEN TACO BELL FREAKING DEMANDS, am I right?!" Jonny whispered and chuckled to himself with a truly, quite literally shit-eating grin on his face, picking and eating several gross little globs of earwax right off of himself as he ecstatically took a nice big handful of laxative pills from the jar, crammed them right down his throat with the help of the remaining half of a certain water bottle that he had evidently been keeping in his trousers for quite some time, and then proceeded to pull his trousers and underpantaloones right down and take a nice big heaping diarrhea shit all over Thomas Edward Yorke's precious little eardrum, causing it to mix with the earwax that was already covering said eardrum in only the most absolutely lovely and totally pleasing-to-the-eyes of fashions.

"OH MY GOD, YOU WERE RIGHT, PHILIP; I THINK I'M LITERALLY GOING TO BE FUCKING SICK!" Ed shrieked in absolute, utterly disbelieving horror, with him and Philip just absentmindedly standing behind the auditorium entrance door with their jaws firmly agape and their eyes opened almost incomparably widely as Jonny began fervently, hyperactively licking and eating (and forcefully smearing) his own waxy, dirty shit right off of (and also all over) Yorke's poor, poor little eardrum while panting and moaning orgasmically in the process, making the audience nearly throw up and also causing Yorke himself to actually fully wake up for real this time!

"WHAT THE- W-WHO IN THE UNHOLY NAME OF FUCK SAID THAT?! WHAT IN THE ACTUAL SODDING HELL IS GOING ON RIGHT NOW?!" Yorke woke up in a fit of panic (and potential vomit), pulling out his cell phone and sitting straight up with a start...and causing Jonny to fall right back down onto the fleshy, waxy, hair-forested floor of his ear canal while the leftover diarrhea that Jonny had just recently left all over his eardrum began oozing and dripping disgustingly down the surface of said (otherwise) beautifully pearly and shiny tympanic membrane while he was busy frantically speed-dialing Jonny's number, hoping that perhaps he would know something about Yorke's current situation. (Yorke really didn't know why he was now trusting Jonny of all people all of a sudden, but somehow, his maternal yaoi instincts just naturally told him that good old spindly Jonny was the one to trust.)

"Oh hey there, Yorkie, how's it going? Just wanted you to know that I'm currently busy MAKING

MY WAY INTO YOUR PARANOID MACINTOSH BRAIN AS WE SPEAK! After all, that IS what truly loving, caring and supporting bandmates like ME are for, am I right?" Jonny crossed his legs and smarmily teased Yorke over the (I)phone while using his weapons-grade laser pointer to slowly but surely (and excruciatingly painfully) carve an almost-perfectly round hole right through Yorke's eardrum.

"OH, SWEET SODDING CHRIST, I ONLY HAVE ABOUT THIRTY FUCKING SECONDS AT MOST TO FIND MY BLASTED TWEEZERS BEFORE IT'S TOO DAMNED LATE!" Yorke screamed and cried like a little punk-ass bitch, doubling over onto his knees, clutching her left ear and shrieking blood-curdlingly in VERY truly agonizing pain as he immediately began frantically, desperately rummaging through his trousers in a rather profoundly pathetic (but still admirable) attempt to save himself from certain sexual assault, pulling out dildos, ball gags, bondage chains, magic rope, LSD, cocaine and various other types of sex toys while his ex-boyfriend Colin woke up, crossed his arms over his chest, raised his eyebrows and glared seductively at Yorke in response.

"NOTHING TO SEE HERE, MOVE ALONG, MOVE ALONG!" Yorke stammered and blushed embarrassedly with adorably watering eyes, whistling innocently and trying his hardest not to double over and scream in pain yet again as he briefly pulled a magic broom out of his pocket and swept all of his gay sex toys right off of the stage and into the front-row within a time span of about five seconds...which, of course, still wasn't fast enough, as good old spindly Jonny was already nearly done!

"OH, DEAR GOD, WOULD YOU PLEASE STOP THAT NOISE, I'M ONLY TRYING TO GET SOME RE-HE-HE-HESSST!" Yorke buried his head in his hands and screamed and cried ever-so-profoundly hopelessly, clutching his hair and trying desperately not to yank it right out in frustration while Jonny began counting down his last ten remaining seconds of sanity...well, if you could even call Yorke remotely sane in the first place after hearing some of his more recent songs from OK Computer onward, that is.

"TEN...NINE...EIGHT...SEVEN...SIX...FIVE...FOUR...THREE...TWO...ONE..." Jonny began ominously counting down, causing Yorke's knees to quiver and buckle in raw fear and helplessness while the rest of his body basically did the same; meanwhile, just behind the auditorium's main entrance door, there Philip and Ed were, their penises suddenly becoming overwhelmingly erect as they began maliciously grinning from ear to ear.

"ZERO! AH HAH HAH HAH HAH HAH! YAHHHHAHAHAHAHAHAAA!" Jonny rolled on the floor of Yorke's ear canal laughing his ever-loving, shitheaded, pot-smoking, alcohol-guzzling yuppie ass off, almost-regretfully wiping the tears from his eyes as he sprung right back up onto his feet, jump-kicked his newly-carved hole right through the poor guy's eardrum and then stylishly dived right into his inner ear as if it were a water slide!

"WHOOOA, EVERYBODY, LIKE, SERIOUSLY, RUN FOR YOUR LIVES AND STUFF!" Yorke dizzily stumbled back and forth and drunkenly slurred in a miserably failed attempt to warn everyone as Jonny went right through his vestibular canals and wound up right in the very center of his poor little head, where his extremely fragile and defenseless (but also extremely, deliciously large and bulbous) brain was housed!

"Wow, this is an incredibly nice, plump and juicy little BRAIN you've got in here! It sure would be an awful crying shame if anything were to HAPPEN to it, am I right?" Jonny pulled out his diamond-studded iPhone and snickered just as snarkily as ever in response to yet another sudden phone call from Yorke as he VERY unapologetically stripped every last bit of his clothing off (yes, THIS was STILL being broadcast on the automatically-footage-recording drone's live feed on the

auditorium's gigantic display screen, just to make DOUBLY sure that Jonny immediately got arrested as soon as this whole utterly ridiculous fetishistic escapade was finally over) and began eagerly approaching Yorke's literally steaming-hot, vigorously pulsating brain...much to Yorke's understandably revolted horror as he turned around and saw Jonny doing so right there on the big screen!

"Well, I suppose this is what I get for calling him an arrogant KNOW-IT-ALL nearly every single day..." Yorke disgustedly covered his mouth with his hands and thought to himself, causing Jonny to laugh uproariously as he nakedly leapt onto Yorke's already-rather-intimidatingly-towering brain stem and eagerly began scaling its fleshy, veiny, firmly erected surface, using the biomagnetic electrical current given off by Yorke's central nervous system (combined with the way that his warm and fuzzy bodily hair statically conducted said current, of course) to stick to Yorke's brain like chewed gum on a toilet seat!

"MAN, this is satisfying! I'm FINALLY getting back at the fucking snobby little smartass for calling me a stupid little know-it-all attention whore! Honestly, if it didn't make me feel so utterly sick to my stomach, I'd probably say that this is just about the greatest form of payback EVER!" Jonny thought to himself (with the drone even going as far as to read his internal thoughts) as he frantically crawled about and scurried all over the admittedly deliciously spongy and wrinkly external surface of Thomas Edward Yorke's cerebral cortex, biting it and licking it and massaging it and fucking it and sucking it ALL over from top to bottom while the poor bastard pulled out a barf bag from his trousers and violently, panickedly vomited into it, wiping his mouth exhaustedly, blushing intensely and twitching his eyelids in a highly unpleasant mixture of confusion, (possibly public) humiliation, and rather profound disgust to put it lightly.

"And now for the official SECOND-greatest moment of my entire life! Ladies and gentlemen, are you ready? Because Thomas Edward Yorke's pompous, pretentious, postmodernist fucking PILLOCK-nugget of a brain, here I CUM!" Jonny laughed arrogantly as he clambered and scrambled his way up onto the very tip-top of Yorke's brain, right at the conveniently centered little gap in-between its left and right hemispheres, admiring the lovely view of his interior skull, nostrils, hair roots and eyeballs as he teasingly wiggled his tantalizingly pudgy little toes (and shook his plump, juicy little butt) at the audience before finally delivering the coup-de-grace...which was literally only the BEGINNING of what was immediately to come, MIND you!

"OH, how I yearn for death's sweet embrace..." Yorke sighed, sitting criss-crossed on the floor and resting his (facial) cheeks on his palms depressedly while Jonny began rigorously, forcefully thrusting his pulsating, throbbing erection into Yorke's equally pulsating and throbbing brain tissue.

"MOTHERFUCKING BRAIN BLAAAAAST!" Jonny shrieked orgasmically and briefly flailed his arms and legs straight up into the air as his penis blew at least half a cup's worth of load into his (supposedly) dearly beloved band leader's central nervous system, violently electrocuting himself and frying himself into an ever-so-delightfully handsome little crisp as he just speechlessly laid there face-down atop Thomas Edward Yorke's brain and blinked his eyes to make sure that he actually was still alive, with his jaw firmly agape and his arms and legs sprawled out absentmindedly beside him (as if he was a fucking maggot-infested roadkill dog corpse that had just been run over by an automobile) in absolute disbelief.

"Goddamnit, I KNEW that Jonny was a fucking zombie all along!" Philip roared angrily, pulling out his prized Australian machete and maniacally charging out onto the stage...with Ed luckily stopping him just in time before he could graphically and violently put Yorke out of his misery!

"Philip, for the love of God, dude, have you SERIOUSLY already forgotten what we really CAME

here for?" Ed hissed angrily at Philip, grabbing him by the shoulders while Philip regretfully shrugged said shoulders and reluctantly stuffed his big Aussie machete right back into his trousers where it belonged (now don't take that TOO sexually) in response.

"Um...if I'm not mistaken, you two were SUPPOSED to make sure that...whatever in the unholy name of Lucifer I just saw...WASN'T going to happen, CORRECT?!" Colin slyly, sexily slunk his way over to the two of them and hissed angrily at them, placing his dainty little hands on his ever-so-wonderfully finely-toned hips and glaring sternly at them as his imaginary kitten fursona self's tail wagged, waved and curled all about seductively in response; meanwhile, Yorke was curled up in a helpless, weeping, head-clutching, violently-shaking-in-helpless-terror, arms-wrapped-tightly-around-knees, eyes-wide-open little ball on the floor while Jonny began searching intently for the secret entrance to his poor, poor brain.

"W-Well, you see, the t-thing is...t-that's what our contractors, like, T-TOLD us to do, y-yes, b-but our actual intentions w-were m-more like the exact o-opposite, you s-see...heh heh...heh..." Ed stammered nervously, blushing and sweating intensely and biting his lip and glancing all about and twiddling his fingers together as he reluctantly explained himself.

"Oh, that's just fucking fantastic, now we're ALL completely fucked to hell and back! LITERALLY fucked, in fact, judging from the rate that this has already currently been going...AAAAAAAH!" Colin rolled his eyes, scowled and sneered bitterly at Yorke's so-called bodyguards-for-hire...then suddenly screamed like a little girl as he looked down at himself and saw that he himself actually WAS, in fact, completely and utterly buck-naked from head to toe!

"Eenie-meenie-minie-moe; Yorke can suck our drummer boy's CHODE!" Jonny laughed sadistically as he finally found the secret door on the bottom-left corner of the very top of Thomas Edward Yorke's brain, swung it right open and hopped right in without a care in the world!

"PLEASE, I'LL DO ABSOLUTELY ANYTHING FOR YOU TO PLEASE JUST CUT MY STUPID LITTLE HEAD RIGHT OPEN AND KILL ME RIGHT ON THE SPOT BEFORE THIS GETS ANY WORSE! PLEASE, FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, I'M FUCKING BEGGING YOU WITH ALL OF MY GODDAMNED HEART, FOR FUCK'S SAKE!" Yorke screamed and wailed in a fit of panicked desperation, springing right up onto his disgustingly saliva-drenched feet, lunging frantically at Philip and clinging submissively to his left ankle while he and his partner Ed both snickered evilly to themselves and began removing their shirts suggestively, revealing their firmly-toned, handsomely muscular chests as well as their beautifully firm, plump and masculine nipples.

"ANYTHING, you say?" Philip and Ed asked Yorke teasingly, causing him to nervously let go of the former's ankle and meekly squat down onto his hands and knees in a sudden feeling of unrelentingly extreme deja-vu from nearly every single visit that she had previously made to the former's drum store (which was luckily only one, thank god) as the underground-rapist duo began pulling their trousers and pantaloones right down and throwing THEM right off as well, revealing their sexy muscular legs, firmly-toned asses and intensely erect, veiny and glistening penises.

"MMM-HMM?" Yorke embarrassedly replied, blushing intensely and nodding his head with only the most adorably sad and helpless of sparkles in his weirdly lopsided eyes in an attempt to garner sympathy from Philip and Ed...but alas, the only thing HE was able to garner out of those two in a situation as wonderfully opportunistic as THIS one was an admittedly rather hysterical fit of rolling-on-the-floor laughter while Jonny fervently made his way deeper and deeper into the internal nerve structures of poor old Yorke's brain, to the point where Yorke could actually rather acutely FEEL him in there.

"You said (heh, heh) ANYTHING, (hee hee) didn't cha?" Philip and Ed wiped the laughter-induced tears from their eyes, got back up onto their feet and chuckled maliciously, biting their lips and trying hard not to laugh at poor Yorkie's expense as they promptly yanked their footwear right off, rendering them both completely naked from head to toe and filling the air with the disgusting, reeking stench of both of their putrid, unwashed pairs of feet combined as Ed promptly struck a wondrously handsome, cross-legged and rather gratuitously crotch-exposing bow while Yorkie and Collie cowered against one of the stage's side walls, squinted their helplessly crying eyes as tightly shut as they could feasibly manage, and lovingly, nervously huddled up against each other in terror.

"Yorkie, if I don't make it through this alive, please tell my mother I love you!" Collie desperately begged Yorkie with sorrowful tears leaking from his eyes as he regretfully smooched Yorkie right on the cheek, causing him to blush shamefully while Jonny finally finished hacking his way into the main-control Apple Macintosh supercomputer of Yorke's central nervous system (lodged deeply into the internal front wall of his frontal lobe, of course) and took (almost) total control over his "hot, sexy" body!

"YOUR MOTHER SUCKS COCKS IN HELL!" Yorke suddenly broke out into bitterly mocking and spiteful song at Colin, provoking Colin to furiously slap him right across his now-doubly-swirly-eyed face in response.

"NO, COLIN, FOR FUCK'S SAKE, PLEASE UNDERSTAND! JONNY'S ALREADY TAKEN CONTROL OVER MY FUCKING CENTRAL NERVOUS SYSTEM AS WE SPEAK! I'M LITERALLY NO LONGER IN CONTROL OF MY OWN FUCKING ACTIONS RIGHT NOW! SERIOUSLY, YOU HAVE TO FUCKING HELP ME RIGHT NOW!" Yorke grabbed (and violently shook) Colin by the testicles, kneeling down and lovingly burying his gently weeping face into Colin's splendidly well-endowed crotch while Ed and Philip drew ever nearer, their dicks gradually lengthening and stiffening more and more with each and every footstep they took.

"ME? But what in the sodding hell am I supposed to do that doesn't involve brain surgery and/or shrinking myself, neither of which I even have ACCESS to right now for fuck's sake?!" Colin yelled back at Yorke, lovingly stroking his hair while Philip suddenly retook control over Yorke's body and ever-so-arousingly-tenaciously turned his S/D (Submissive/Dominant) personality switch all the way over to the D end!

"EXACTLY! NOTHING, YOU LITTLE CUNT! NOW COME ON, LET'S JUST SUCK THESE FAGGOTS' DICKS AND GET THIS SHIT OVER WITH ALREADY, SHALL WE?!" Yorke began laughing and sobbing dementedly as he excitedly lunged onto Philip and began passionately, dirtily, exceptionally kinkily making out with him while Colin reluctantly did the same to Ed.

"Oh geez, it really HAS been one of those days, hasn't it?" Philip, Ed and Jonny all exhaustedly scratched their heads and thought to themselves, already beginning to very distinctly wonder exactly WHAT in the fuck was currently happening.

GIANT THOM X JONNY PART 3

"Hmm, I sure do wonder what THIS button does?" Jonny smirked maliciously and sarcastically thought to himself, his fascination with keyboards being put to weirdly perfectly fitting use as he smugly flicked his left hand over to the INITIATE GRAND OLD GAY TIME button on Thomas Edward Yorke's control panel and pressed it with his middle finger while Yorke was busy fervently, lovingly fondling Philip's adorable little man-nips right on the stage of the main auditorium of a very well-known public concert building...with the former drunkenly, nakedly sprawled out atop the latter's equally drunken and naked body, of course. (Meanwhile, Colin was

also doing the exact same thing to Ed, FYI.)

"Well, I suppose it's all well and good that you're pleasuring my glorious supple mounds right now, but I simply cannot help but imagine how incredibly NICE and convenient it would be if perhaps we could just immediately get right down to willy business...wait, what the fuck are you doing, mate?!" Philip blushingly moaned in pleased embarrassment as Thomas Edward Yorke teasingly bit his soft, plump, rosy-pink nipples with his crooked British teeth...then suddenly, entirely without warning, jumped down into the front-row seating area to go and grab himself a bondage suit...which, by the way, was something that Colin was indeed already wearing, as you could very clearly see from the way that the currently submissively-bent-over-on-his-hands-and-knees Ed was ecstatically moaning and yelling "OH YEAH, COME ON MAN, DEAR LORD AM I IN LOVE WITH THE SHAPE OF YOUR BODY" and various related phrases in sheer orgasmic pleasure as the frolicking feminine fuckboy rammed his impressively long and erect yet incredibly dainty and floppy penis into the tightly clenched depths of his interior rectum while he violently, ass-tearingly pooped and farted all over it with glee, with Colin lovingly and cattishly allowing him to slavishly lick up the disgusting blood-cum-and-shit mixture that was now being splattered and smeared all over his penis all the while.

"DOJO! CASINO! IT IS ALL IN THE MIND!" Jonny chanted melodramatically into Yorke's subconscious through his voice-recording microphone while the poor already-batshit-insane nervous wreck of a dude got down on all fours and began frantically digging through a multitude of bondage suits before finally locating the distinctly Victoria's-Secret-polka-dotted one that he wanted.

"Yeah, THAT'S right; my guitar's in my MINNND!" Yorke laughed psychotically as he eagerly, already-rather-overexcitedly strapped his rather embarrassingly girlishly colored bondage suit right on, causing his clinically-insane mind to somehow hallucinogenically envision his own penis as a literal guitar as he hopped right back up onto the stage and (much to his immense sadistic delight) found Philip eagerly squatted down on his hands and knees with brightly blushing ass cheeks and an even more brightly blushing face!

"Um...I beg your pardon, young chap, but I thought this was supposed to be about making me nut like a rented dingo, if I'm not mistaken..." Philip humiliatedly, nervously reminded her.

"Oh...well, in that case, LEAVE IT TO...YORKIEEEE!" Yorke yelled obnoxiously high-pitchedly and amazingly effeminately at the tops of his ever-loving lungs, performing a massive joyful backflip into the air and posing dramatically (and by dramatically, I mean masturbatorially) as he eagerly readied herself to violently drill Philip's cockney asshole a new one!

"OHH, sweet face-humping wallaby Jesus (Rocko), I ain't been drilled this bloody hard since the last time I went to bloody Vietnam...and yes, I DO, in fact, mean that both bloody ways!" Philip moaned and cried with pleasure as Yorke excitedly positioned herself right in-between his deliciously plump and juicy butt cheeks (squeezing and massaging them with his big meaty yaoi hands just to provide added erotic pleasure) and ramming his massive erection so deeply and so flesh-tearingly forcefully into Philip's ruptured, bleeding arse that for once in about the past week or so of his sad and miserable joke of an existence, it actually DID cause him to loudly scream and cry like a demonically tortured little baby...and po'BOY, did he love it all right.

"Oh, and by the way, BIG BOY...did I forget to mention the ever-so-wonderfully satisfying crackle of pigskin?" Yorke teasingly reminded Philip with his eyes erotically half-shut as he continued thrusting his incredibly succulent schlong into Philip's suffocation-inducingly tight asshole.

"Uh...what in the bloody hell does THAT me- OHHHHHH, YEAHHH, that REALLY hits my G-

spot if I do say so myself!" Philip moaned orgasmically with delight as Yorke shredded a lovely power-distortion solo into his lower intestine with his phallic guitar, then immediately pulled it out to show him.

"GET TO FUCKING WORK, DOUCHENOBZZLE! ALSO, NEED I MENTION, THIS SHIT RIGHT HERE IS EXACTLY WHAT YOU FUCKING GET FOR TRYING TO VIOLENTLY RAPE ME IN A PUBLIC STORE, JUST SO YOU KNOW!" Yorke dominantly laughed, pulling a spare whip out of his nearby trousers and abusively whipping Philip (who, of course, was STILL ever-so-eagerly squatted down on his hands and knees) with it while the poor bastard began lovingly, humiliatedly sucking his moist, slimy, dripping, twelve-inch-long, completely-soaked-in-pure-concentrated-love-juice-from-top-to-bottom donger.

"AHH...what's next, master?" Philip finally retracted his still-passionately-drooling-and-cum-dripping mouth from Yorke's deliciously rubbery schlong and began panting like a desperately starving dog (and even squatting down on all fours like one) while Yorke began pointing suggestively at his penis, fluttering his gorgeous eyelashes and erotically raising his eyebrows at him in response.

"FOR FUCK'S SAKE, FIGURE IT OUT ON YOUR OWN, DUMBASS!" Yorke laughed uproariously as he grabbed Philip's head and forcefully jammed his brightly blushing face right into his crotch area, in which he immediately began sucking and sucking on Yorke's lovely, lovely penis like how a baby sucks on a milk bottle.

"AHH...OHH YEAH, COME ON, KEEP ON SERVICING YOUR DADDY LIKE YOU MEAN IT!" Yorke threw his head back and screamed loudly with delight as his cock squirted literally a full metric cup's worth of white, creamy goodness into Philip's ravenous, yellow-toothed mouth.

"Well? Are you feeling the agony of de-FEET yet? HMM?" Yorke slyly teased Philip as he outstretched his legs directly into Philip's face and wiggled his pretty little toes at him every bit as teasingly as could be as Philip's penis began hardening even more noticeably in response (to the point where it was actually physically hurting him to the point of jerking several MORE tears from his eyes) as he began lovingly servicing (in other words, disgustingly salivating all over) Yorke's lovely, dextrous little feet, licking his soles like a dog and sucking his toes like a hamster.

"Yeah, come on, grab that dick and start jerking it like you MEAN it!" Yorke laughed spitefully and crossed his legs, slathering scrumptiously vanilla-ice-cream-flavored lotion all over his wrinkly, filthy, sweaty and OHH-so-wonderfully stinky feet and making a painfully obvious masturbation gesture with his tightly clenched right hand while Philip licked the little "beauties" up and down from the heels to the toes and back again, masturbating furiously as he took in their orgasmically pungent silky-smooth gorgeousness and their irresistibly mesmerizing, heavenly taste.

"Um, excuse me, sir; did I ever, at ANY point, permit you to stop stroking?!" Yorke sneered lividly at Philip as he clasped his wondrous, sweat-drenched, saliva-dripping feet around Philip's...ahem...violently pulsating and throbbing pelvic log and gave him the footjob of a lifetime, finishing it off with a forceful, full-body thrust right into his own big wide-open mouth!

"OHH, SWEET BAGELS AND COFFEE ON A BLESSED SUNDAY MORNING, THAT FELT SO FUCKING ORGASMIC!" Philip moaned and shrieked at the tops of his lungs as his phallic volcano fiercely erupted at least a full cup-and-a-half's worth of semen into Yorke's ravenous gaping maw, which he then vomited and scooped out so that he could stuff it right into his glorious shitty asshole with his own bare, disgustingly unwashed hands.

"Come on now, clean up after yourself like a good boy! You don't want to disappoint DADDY

now, do you?!" Yorke sluttily teased Philip, laying down on his back, grabbing his legs by the underknee joint and very conveniently propping them up with his arms and an ever-so-disgustingly teasing smirk as Philip reluctantly licked his lips, lowered his head right in-between Yorke's gorgeously long and slender legs, grabbed tightly onto Yorke's thighs with his big meaty hands and began gluttonously eating him right out.

MEANWHILE, ALARMINGLY DEEP INSIDE YORKE'S CENTRAL NERVOUS SYSTEM...

"SPEAKING OF WHICH...HEY, WHAT IN THE BLAZES DO YOU THINK YOU'RE LOOKING AT?" Jonny blushed and stammered humiliatedly and embarrassedly, glaring seductively at the audience as he took the gooey, sticky semen that the immediately preceding events between Philip and Yorke had already caused him to violently ejaculate all over his adorably emo little face and teasingly slathered it all over his naked 20-something-year-old fuckboy body with his bare, sweaty, jet-black fingernailed hands, clearly setting the stage for the events that were (mostly) predictably to come if anything!

MEANWHILE, ON COLIN'S SIDE OF THE AUTISTIC SPECTRUM, PRESUMABLY AT THE EXACT SAME TIME AS WHEN THE YORKE X PHILIP MALEDOM SCENE WAS HAPPENING...

"Sweet jumping PINTO beans, man, it's almost as if we were literally MADE for each other!" Ed moaned and growled with pleasure as Colin began erotically grinding his penis against Ed's beautifully, handsomely toned chest muscles like a slab of juicy medium-rare steak.

"You and me OWN each other, sweetums!" Colin lovingly crooned and purred with delight, wagging his imaginary tail lovingly as his penis ejaculated gloriously into Ed's ever-so-eagerly awaiting mouth while the two of them both awkwardly blushed, giggled and smiled adorably shyly and dorkily at each other.

"OHH...I daresay we literally go together like penis butter and TESTICLE JELLY!" Ed laughed uproariously as he and Colin curled themselves together into 69 position and passionately, lovingly, droolingly sucked each other's dicks, licking their lips and moaning ecstatically in the process.

"OH, YOU CHEEKY LITTLE BOY, YOU! I WANT THIS TO GO ON, LIKE, ABSOLUTELY FOR-EVV-ERRRRR!" Colin laughed and jeered just as flamboyantly teasingly as ever, swinging his hand down like...well, like a cat paw while Ed ticklishly teased over Colin's womanlike frame with his long, dextrous tongue and then promptly leaned his face directly against Colin's and began warmly, steamily, passionately french-kissing the living bejeezus out of him while Colin lovingly stroked his fingers through the poor boy's delightfully soft and fluffy hair as if he were an adorable little puppy dog that she was keeping as her housepet.

SPEAKING OF WHICH...

"OHH, I can feel my mind literally EXPLODING at the seams with seminally erotic stimulation as we speak!" Jonny overexcitedly yelled directly to the audience with an incredibly dorky helmet that looked like a pasta strainer over his head, shaking and bouncing violently in his chair and jerking his dick furiously as he parasitically downloaded at least three entire gigs' worth of Yorke X Jonny porn directly from Yorke's memory banks into his own, laughing maniacally all the while.

MEANWHILE, BACK OUTSIDE...

"MMM...AHH...I LOVE YOU LIKE I LOVE WATCHING PEOPLE GET VIOLENTLY EATEN ALIVE ON THE INTERNET...WAIT, WHAT THE FUCK?" Colin and Ed tightly hugged each

other and erotically whispered to each other as they warmly, moistly, drippingly caressed each other's nipples with their tongues, once again throwing their heads back and moaning loudly with pleasure.

"SHH, SHH...DON'T WORRY, BABY, I'LL ALWAYS BE THERE FOR YOU, AS FLYPAPER IS ALWAYS THERE FOR ALL OF THOSE PESKY LITTLE FLIES THAT CONSTANTLY BUZZ AROUND MY FILTHY, DINGY OLD HOUSE..." Ed continued whispering (and flicking his profoundly long and sexy tongue) erotically into Colin's ear canals, licking both of his eardrums with delight as he lovingly wrapped his arms around Colin and powerfully thrust his mole-riddled, saggy penis into his vagina until his hairy, wrinkly, drooping testicles finally gave in and blew the deliciously creamy load of a lifetime into his...well, his man-pussy; what else am I supposed to freaking describe it as?

"MMM...I CAN SEE THAT WORDS CLEARLY AREN'T THE ONLY THING YOU HAVE A WAY WITH, ARE THEY?" Colin girlishly put his hand over his mouth and gasped in surprise, purring EVER-so-teasingly as Ed inserted his moist, dripping tongue all the way into Colin's large intestine and began cleaning out his rectum so hard that it caused her to have yet another anal-juice orgasm all over Ed's adorably handsome and sculpted face, prompting them to also dutifully clean up THAT hot mess in the exact same manner.

"COME ON, BAD BOY, LET'S SEE WHICH ONE OF US HAS SEXIER FEET THAN THE OTHER, SHALL WE?" Colin playfully teased Ed, once again swinging his hand downward like a cat paw as the two of them lovingly and ever-so-excitedly wrapped their deliciously long, stinky and sweaty little toes around each other's penises and began the footjob orgy of a lifetime.

"OH...OHHHH...OHHHHHH MY GODDDDDDD! Okay, it's official; you win..." Colin embarrassedly, meekly blushed and sighed, glancing off to the side and scratching the back of his head as he secretly admired the sheer amount of cum that his puffy magical dragon had just violently squirted and sprayed all over Ed's ever-so-sweet-and-sweaty-and-sexy Great British fuckboy soles.

"Would you care to do the HONORS, sweet prince?" Ed smugly teased Colin, crossing his arms over his chest and winking inquisitively at him as Colin ever-so-excitedly-and-ecstatically flopped down onto his chest and began passionately, romantically licking and sucking Ed's rather orgasmically scrumptious feet and toes like lollipops.

"OHH, you'd better believe that I've literally NEVER been happier to do another man's honors at any other preceding point in my entire stinking LIFE, sweet prince..." Colin moaned and blushed intensely with pleasure as his seductively feminine tongue teased its way all around Ed's lovely heels, through his scenic arches, up and over the glorious balls of his feet, all over his mesmerizing toes, and even in-between said mesmerizing toes, licking up a full cup's worth of his own borderline girl-cum right off of a dirty and unwashed wannabe homeless person's bare soles whilst doing so.

MEANWHILE, INSIDE YORKE'S BRAIN, WHILE HE AND PHILIP (AS WELL AS COLIN AND ED) WERE BUSY BEING EXHAUSTEDLY SPRAWLED OUT ON THE FLOOR OF THE AUDITORIUM STAGE FROM HOW EXCRUCIATINGLY HARD THEY HAD JUST FUCKED EACH OTHER...

"Oh boy, THIS oughta be REAL fun..." Jonny snickered mischievously to himself, pulling out his Fangirl Remote Signal Device literally from his own ass and winkingly making a face that was literally the spitting image of the Grinch's infamous "wonderful, awful idea" face at his already-rather-disbelievingly-aroused audience in the process!

TO BE CONTINUED...?

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